

SPAWN®



DEVIL TO PAY **Pt. 1**

PLOT

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BRIAN HOLGUIN

STORY

BRIAN HOLGUIN

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SPAWN 141 SUMMARY


Nyx is coming close to the end of her quest to save her friend Thea from a horrible fate in the dark pits of Hell. Casting a spell to find Thea results in alerting every Hell-born being to Nyx's presence. And every demon within earshot is more than eager to "help" Nyx out.

Falling for a trap leaves Nyx helpless with The Redeemer once again coming to her rescue. Feeling that she is near her limit, Nyx finally finds Thea.

Extinguishing Thea's soul is the only true escape from her personal Hell. Nyx has a hard time realizing this, but compassionately frees her friend. Once Nyx is finished, she reminds her insect partner that the original agreement was for safe passage for two and is able to keep her word to The Redeemer. The Redeemer repays with an oath to protect Nyx.

TODD McFARLANE
PRODUCTIONS
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IT SEEMS
LIKE
FOREVER.
LIKE YOU'VE
BEEN
SCALING
THESE
HEIGHTS AS
LONG AS
YOU CAN
REMEMBER.

INCH BY INCH,
FOOT BY FOOT,
AS CLOUDS
PASS BY BELOW.

TOES NUMB, FINGERS
STRETCHING DESPERATELY
TO FIND PURCHASE.

IT FEELS LIKE THIS
HAS BEEN YOUR
ENTIRE LIFE: AN
ENDLESS STRUGGLE
TO GET TO A PLACE
YOU'RE NOT EVEN
SURE EXISTS.

WILL THIS
PILGRIMAGE
EVER END?
WILL THERE
BE PEACE AT
LAST WHEN
YOU REACH
THE TOP?

DON'T
THINK
ABOUT
IT. JUST
KEEP
AT IT. ONE
HAND
OVER
THE
OTHER.
NO
LOOKING
DOWN.
NO
LOOKING
BACK.

DON'T
EVEN
THINK
ABOUT
FAILURE.

DON'T
THINK
ABOUT
THE
FALL.


I DON'T
BELIEVE
IT...

I
MADE
IT.


THE SHINING KINGDOM RISES
BEFORE YOU LIKE A GOLDEN
DAWN. AN ENDLESS VISTA
OF GLITTERING DOMES AND
GLEAMING SPIRES.

GRACE AND
HARMONY MADE
MANIFEST, MORE
BEAUTIFUL THAN
YOUR DEEPEST
DREAMS.

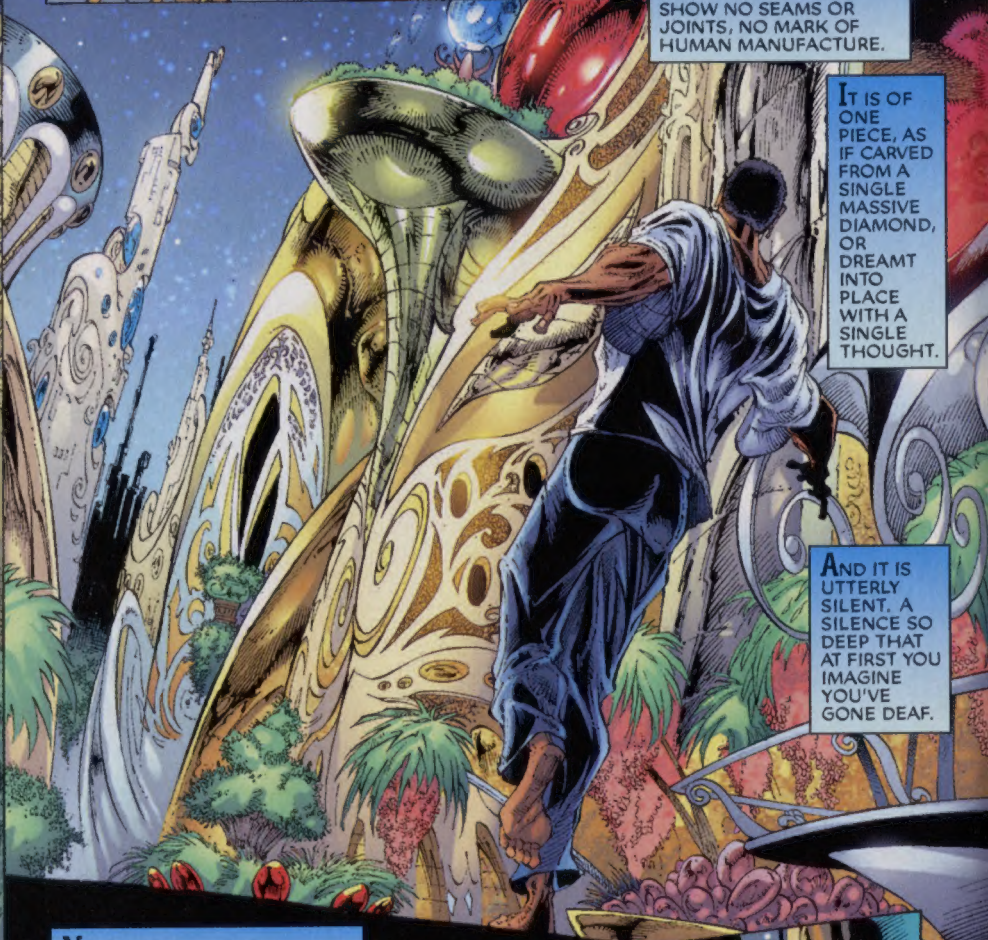




THE MAMMOTH GATE SWINGS OPEN AS YOU APPROACH, AS IF YOU WERE EXPECTED.




YOUR HEART SOARS AS YOU CROSS THE THRESHOLD.



YOU WALK THE AVENUES IN DREAMTIME. THESE TOWERING EDIFICES SHOW NO SEAMS OR JOINTS, NO MARK OF HUMAN MANUFACTURE.

IT IS OF ONE PIECE, AS IF CARVED FROM A SINGLE MASSIVE DIAMOND, OR DREAMT INTO PLACE WITH A SINGLE THOUGHT.

AND IT IS UTTERLY SILENT. A SILENCE SO DEEP THAT AT FIRST YOU IMAGINE YOU'VE GONE DEAF.




NO CHOIRS OF ANGELS. NO LEGIONS OF HARPS. NOTHING BUT THE SOUND OF YOUR OWN FOOTSTEPS.



THE STREETS OF HEAVEN ARE EMPTY.





IN THE
CENTER
OF THIS
PEERLESS
CITY, ONE
GRAND
SPIRE
RISES
HIGH
ABOVE
THE REST.

A
TOWER
SURELY
FIT FOR
A KING.

THERE'S
NO
TURNING
BACK.

AFTER ALL
THIS TIME,
THIS IS
WHAT YOU
STRUGGLED
SO
MIGHTILY
FOR.

THIS MOMENT,
THIS
OPPORTUNITY.

TO MEET
YOUR
CREATOR
AT LAST,
FACE TO
FACE. TO
LOOK HIM
SQUARE IN
THE EYE.

THERE ARE
A GREAT
DEAL OF
QUESTIONS
YOU WANT
ANSWERED.

A comic book panel featuring a large, close-up portrait of a man with a stern expression and a small figure in the background. The man has dark hair and a serious, almost menacing look. He is wearing a dark suit. In the background, a smaller figure is visible, standing in a doorway or hallway, looking towards the viewer. The background is dark and atmospheric, with some light sources visible. The overall tone is dramatic and intense.

HELLO...

IS
THERE
ANYONE
HERE?

DISAPPOINTED?

I'M AFRAID
THERE'S BEEN A
CHANGE IN
MANAGEMENT.

NO
CHANGE.



IF HE'S
LUCKY, HE'LL BE
A LITTLE MORE
THAN A
VEGETABLE.

IF HE'S
LUCKY, HE'LL DIE IN
HIS SLEEP.



I AM
FREE.

FREE FROM THE
DARKNESS.

FREE FROM THE
WASTELAND.


FREE
AT LAST
FROM THE
BONDS OF
DESPAIR.

I SOAR
THROUGH
THE SKIES
BURNING LIKE
A COMET,
SKIPPING
ACROSS THE
ATMOSPHERE
LIKE A STONE
ON A POND.

I SEE THE WORLD
TURNING BELOW ME,
WATCH IT PASS FROM
NIGHT INTO DAY BACK
INTO NIGHT. SUCH A
GLORIOUS SIGHT.

I STRETCH MY
WINGS TO
EMBRACE THE
HEAVENS, WILD,
FREE AND
UNFETTERED.

SO HIGH
I NEVER
WANT TO
COME
DOWN.



I COULD
STAY UP HERE
FOREVER. FOR
CENTURIES AT
THE VERY
LEAST.

MELT
INTO THE
FIRMAMENT,
DISSOLVE INTO
THE SUNLIGHT
AND FLOAT
ABOVE THE
EARTH UNTIL
THE END OF
TIME.

LIGHTER THAN
AIR, MORE FREE
THAN ANGELS.

NEVER
TOUCHING
FOOT ON
SOLID GROUND
AGAIN. WHAT
COULD BE
BETTER?

BUT THEN
A THOUGHT
COMES. A
MEMORY. A
VAGUE GHOST
FLICKERING
AT THE EDGE
OF REASON.

A BARGAIN
THAT I
ENTERED.

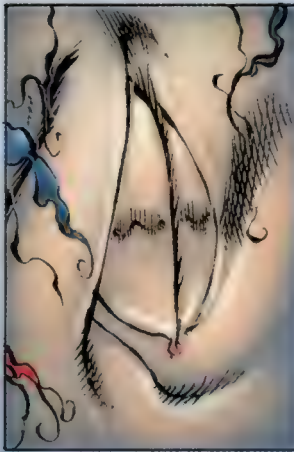
A DEAL
MADE IN THE
DARK.

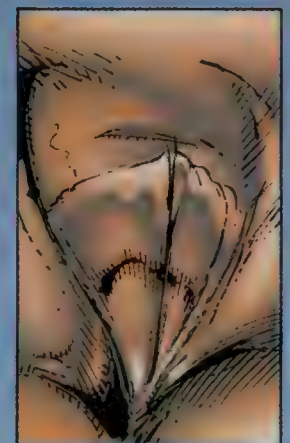
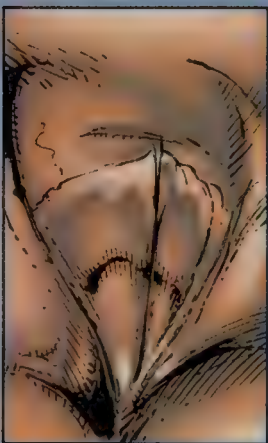
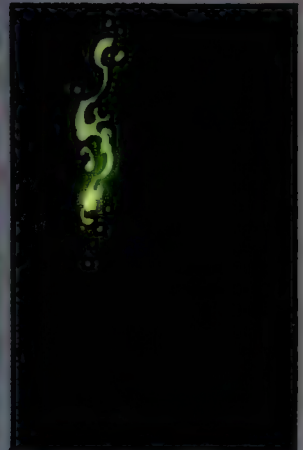
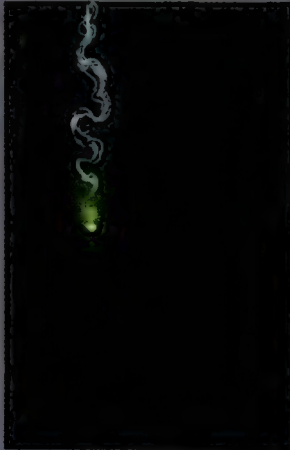
THERE IS STILL
ONE DEBT I OWE.


I REMEMBER
IT WITH A
CHILL, AND
THE MEMORY
SHAMES ME.

SO I PUT MY
INDULGENCE
ASIDE...

...AND I COME BACK
DOWN TO EARTH.







THE EARTH RUSHES
UP TO GREET ME
AS WAVES OF
POISONED AIR
WASH OVER ME.

THE CITY GLITTERS LIKE
A JEWEL IN THE NIGHT,
A MILLION BRILLIANT
EYES STARING OUT INTO
THE DARKNESS.

THEIR
IMPULSES
AND
DESIRES.

THE
THINGS THEY
PRIZE, THE
THINGS THEY
STRUGGLE
FOR.

SO MANY
PEOPLE,
MARCHING LIKE
ANTS IN A MAZE.
WHAT STRANGE
AND FRAGILE
LITTLE THINGS
THEY ARE.

SO SAD
AND
ABSURD.

THERE IS
SOMETHING IN
THE AIR,
UNNAMABLE
BUT
UNMISTAKABLE.
ENERGIES ARE
SHIFTING,
FORCES ARE
GATHERING.

SIDES
ARE
BEING
CHOSEN.

SUCH
FOOLS
THESE
MORTALS
BE...

THEY...NO...
NOT "THEY."

WE.

US.

I AM ONE OF THEM.
DEEP DOWN INSIDE, AT
THE HEART OF ME.

HOW COULD
I HAVE
FORGOTTEN?

THIS BRIGHT AND
BRILLIANT THING
THAT SPEEDS ON
ANGEL'S WINGS,
THIS IS NOT ME.

THIS IS NOT WHAT I AM.

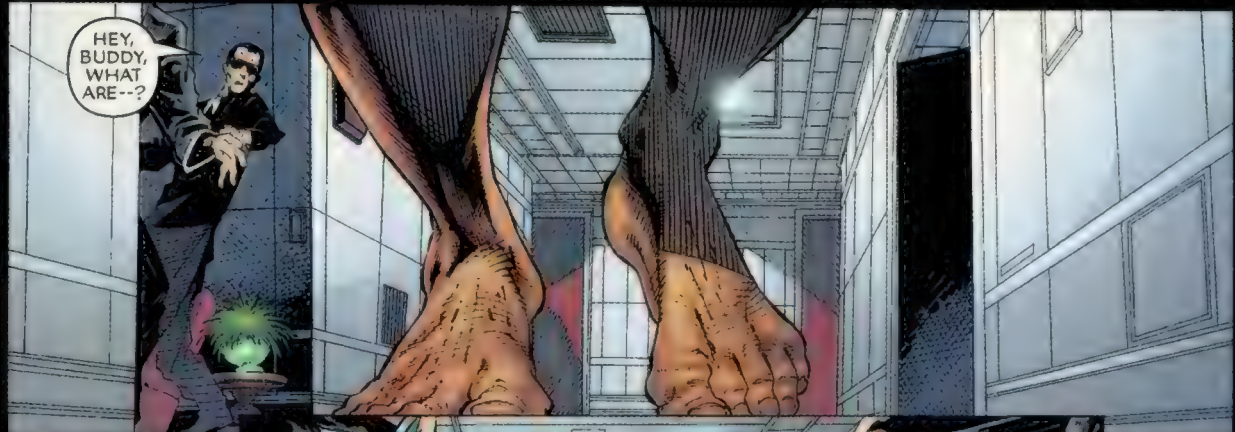
I'M AS LOST AND
FOOLISH AS THEY
ARE. I --

I'M JUST
A KID, FOR
CHRIST'S
SAKE.

NO. NOT A KID.

I AM A MAN.

AND I
HAVE A
MAN'S
DUTY.



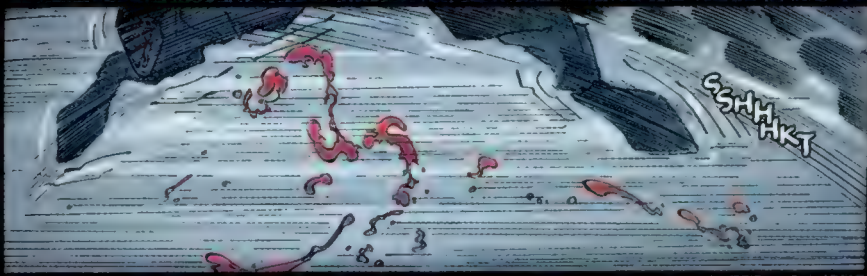
HEY, BUDDY, WHAT ARE--?



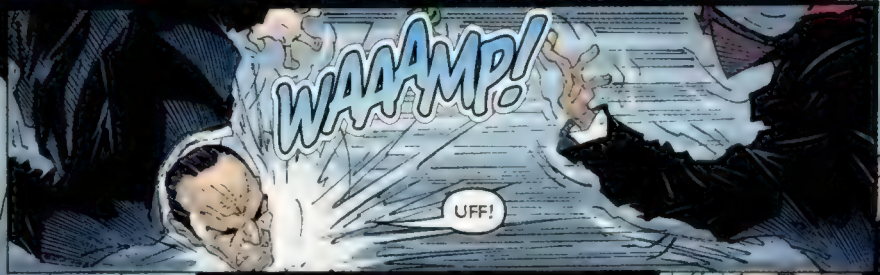
THE HELL? THAT OUR GUY?



STOP! FEDERAL AGENTS!



SHH HKT



WAAAMP!

UFF!





I'VE HAD ENOUGH.

I'M TIRED OF THESE SICK GAMES.

TIRED OF BEING PLAYED FOR A PUNK.

OLD ENEMIES, TREACHEROUS FRIENDS, SECRET SCHEMES. SEEMS EVERYONE'S GOT A PLAN FOR ME.

WHATEVER I AM, THIS LIFE IS MINE. AND I'M TAKING IT BACK.

CROSS ME AND YOU'RE GONNA HAVE THE DEVIL TO PAY.

NYX CROSSED ME. SHE LIED TO ME. MANIPULATED ME.

STOLE FROM ME. I CAN STILL FEEL HER INSIDE MY HEAD, A FILTHY LITTLE STAIN ON MY MEMORY.

I DON'T CARE WHAT SHE THOUGHT SHE WAS DOING AND I DON'T CARE WHY. SOMEONE'S GONNA PAY A PRICE.

AND GOD SAVE ANYONE WHO GETS IN MY WAY.







PLEASE...
KILL ME
QUICKLY.





Tyrant
Lizard
King

EMPIRE